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Wm Brouseoul

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To rich and poor He came,
To simple and to sage;

And on this Christmas morn, glad Anthems sing
To Christ our Saviour and to God our King.

So greet with loud acclaim
Your heavenly heritage.

(*"The Sweet Story of Old," Nelson & Sons.*)

When Jesus Came.

Long years ago, by Bethlehem town,
The temple sheep were feeding,
The wintry stars shone kindly down
On flock and shepherds heeding,
When Jesus came.

The wise men from the Orient,
Led by a starry finger,
The Shepherds, too, by angels sent
To worship, did not linger,
When Jesus came.

A mother's love received its crown
And childhood dearest blessing,
When Heaven's King did nestle down
In Mary's arms, caressing,
When Jesus came.

O happy night, so full of song,
And joy for every sorrow!
For stars shine bright, though nights be
long,
And dawns a glad to-morrow,
Since Jesus came.

—Selected.

Judge Not.

It was Christmas Eve, but the weekly prayer-meeting was to be held as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Heston allowed no trifling thing to keep them away.

At the church door they were accosted by one of the brethren, who inquired—

'How much are you going to give me toward the steel engraving we have purchased for our pastor's wife?'

'I think perhaps I ought not to give you anything this time.' It cost Mr. Heston something to say this, for, though he was not rich, he was a generous man; his name was rarely lacking from a subscription list. But he was not prepared for the storm of unkind words and unjust insinuations which his partially declining to subscribe toward this gift called forth.

I will not tell you what this solicitor said, for you would hardly believe the words would come from Christian lips.

Mr. Heston went into the prayer-meeting, but there was little joy in the service for him. He had not yet learned to rejoice in tribulation, to take all such burdens as something given him to bear for Christ, and his heart was sore.

It had been one of his hard days. At ten in the morning there had been presented at his office a note for £100, which his book-keeper had neglected to enter among bills payable. Fortunately the money was in the bank, and he had only to draw a cheque for it, but the circumstance annoyed him. Later in the day he remembered that he had promised, on that date, to settle a claim against him for £40, which a young man in a bank, for whom he had stood as bondsman, had stolen. Still later there came a heart-breaking letter from an old college chum in charge of a poor, struggling Church in a country district. It was an answer to a box of warm winter clothing and Christmas goodies which Mr. Heston had sent his friend, thinking he might enjoy them, but never dreaming that he was reduced to utter extremity.

As he folded the letter something very like tears glistened in his eyes, strong man though he was. He took out his bankbook, added it up carefully, and then drew a cheque for £5. He could not take the time to write a letter, and the sheet of paper accompanying the cheque contained only these words to his clerical friend—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

God Prosper You.—Phil. iv., 19.

There were other things which made this an ever-to-be-remembered one to Mr. Heston. He went home utterly weary.

'James,' his wife said, as they sat round the cheerful supper-table, 'I happened to call in at old Mrs. McNeal's this afternoon, and I saw clearly that they would have no Christmas dinner unless I sent it to them, so I ordered a turkey and some groceries.'

'That was right. You paid for them?'

'No, I hadn't a sixpence left after paying for—'

She checked herself just in time. It was a

silk umbrella for her husband's present which had drained her purse.

'They came to a sovereign. I bought them at Kleing's. He doesn't seem to be doing much this year, and I told him I would send Mary around with the money this evening.'

He took out his purse, and handed the servant the required amount—his last sovereign.

A little later he went to the prayer-meeting, and was accosted and misjudged, as I have said. He returned home, and came up to his mother's room, and kneeling beside me, as he used to do when he was a boy, quietly told me the whole story.

Silently I prayed to our Father to take away the sting, and reaching for my Bible I pointed to a verse I had marked many years ago; 'Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin,' and when he gave me his good-night kiss I saw that he was comforted. But I did wish I could whisper in the ear of the wrong one who had so thoughtlessly wronged him, 'Thou art inexcusable, Oh, man, whosoever thou art, that judgest!'—Austrian 'Christian.'

No Room in the Inn.

There comes to us something of shock when we consider that the only welcome accorded our Lord's advent was that of Bethlehem's mean manger. But in this fact you have revealed the perpetual attitude of the world toward Jesus. The world never has had room, neither will it ever have room for Him. In referring to the world, I mean the worldly spirit. There are two conflicting conditions of life, one dominated by the world spirit, the other controlled by the Christ spirit. The world spirit we call worldliness, the Christ spirit, spirituality. Both are determined by the spirit of the life, not the objects with which the life is concerned. Both may deal with the same objects, but how vast the difference in results. 'Worldliness is attachment to the outward, attachment to the transitory, attachment to the unreal; in opposition to the Christ spirit, which is love for the inward, the eternal, the true; and the one of these affections is necessarily expelled by the other.' Where worldliness dominates, the Christ can never be born.

Your own heart is the sacred place where Jesus should be born. As you examine that heart do you find room for Him, or is it crowded to overfulness with the outward, the transitory, the unreal? We need always to realize that the people who filled that Bethlehem inn are not the only individuals who are crowding Jesus out. Think of your own life for the moment. It is full of varying activities. It is full of plans for the new year. You find room in it for science, and history, and art, and politics, and business. Do you find room for Jesus Christ? There was no room for Him in the inn. Is it also true that you have no room in your heart for the Prince of Peace? The scene at Bethlehem is daily repeated. He comes unto His own and His own receives Him not. The world is too full for Christ. Is your heart too crowded for its Saviour?—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Bargain for Sin.

Dr. Horatius Bonar gives an account of a strange transaction which took place some years ago in Warsaw, Russia:

Several Jews were gathered together, and among them a young unbeliever. This unbeliever affirmed that there was no such thing as sin. An old Jew standing by and hearing the bold words of the scoffer, offered him twenty-five roubles, or about \$15, if he would agree to take his sins upon him. The youth accepted the bargain in the presence of witnesses to attest the transaction.

The old Jew seemed to think that he had done an excellent stroke of business, and expressed his satisfaction at having got rid of his sins for so small a sum as \$15. The youth rejoiced also that he had an opportunity of displaying his unbelief, and, to show it was not money he wanted, he gave it to the poor.

Soon after this the unbeliever became ill. It seemed to proceed from his mind, and not from his body. The physicians, on making inquiry, heard of the bargain that had been

made between the two, and the young man confessed that it was weighing on him. The old man was asked to cancel the bargain and thus relieve the other. The old man refused. A thousand roubles, or \$600, were offered the old man, but still he declined.

The young man was in agonies of conscience because of the sin which he had taken upon him, but the old man was resolute in his determination not to relieve the young man of his contract. Soon after the young man sank under his mental suffering, and died with the full burden upon him.

This contract had awakened the conscience of the scoffer, and the idea of sin had become a terrible reality. There is no such thing as the transferring of sin from one man to another, yet the Scriptures reveal the exceeding sinfulness of sin and provide a way for its transfer—not from man to man, but to the Son of God—and by that transfer sin is cancelled for all those who accept Christ as Substitute and as Lord. 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'—'Gospel Message.'

God is constantly putting into our lives little or greater occasions of testing. He presents us with his will in a choice, which may be a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Our Offering.

(By Christian Burke.)

Lo! we have travelled from a country far,
Through years of failure, deserts sad and wild,

And, even as of old came Eastern kings,
With costly treasures, led here by thy Star,
We, too, would bring thee our poor offerings,
O Word Incarnate! Bethlehem's Holy Child,
Accept our gifts and us of thy great grace—
Myrrh for our Sorrows, Frankincense for our Faith,
And Gold for Love that is more strong than Death!

The Work in Labrador.

This is a home charity so near the hearts of all Canada that we continue to receive contributions in its aid. Since our last acknowledgement in these pages, the following sums have been received and personally acknowledged, where possible: May Ferguson, Caintown, Ont., \$1.00; Anonymous, \$5.00; Mrs. Margaret Duncan, Campbelltown, N.B., \$5.00; A Friend, Murray Harbor South, P.E.I., \$2.00; Mrs. C. M. Ingram, Brocton, Man., \$5.00; Pupils of Carmel Sunday School, Ont., \$1.65; Loyal Temperance Legion, Napinka, \$1.40; Mrs. Wm. Chesterfield, 25 cents; Mrs. Thomas Sanderson, Sault Ste. Marie, \$4.00; Friends, Fairbury, Nebraska, \$1.00; Little Helpers Mission Band, Belleville, \$3.00; G. M. Moffatt, Sask., \$10.00; Total, \$39.30.

A New Year's Suggestion.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the holiday preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your holiday subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

On request a gift card will be sent as above with each subscription.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Carol of Two Shepherds.

(Nora Chesson, in the 'Girls' Own.)

First Shepherd.

Shepherd-boy, shepherd-boy, whence do you come
Singing like linnets that winter strikes dumb?
Thin is your ragged coat, naked your feet,
And you are garlanded with meadowsweet.
What witch has brought for you flowers
through the snow?
Even the grass is dead in fields I know;
Brown is your forehead beneath your dark
locks;
What sun has burned you so, keeping your
flocks?

Second Shepherd.

Sunshine in Palestine darkened my face;
Far over seas, and lands sought I your place.
This is the news I bring: in Nazareth
This day is born a Lord eave you from death.
Lord of all stars, He is, quick worlds and
dead,

Yet He hath chosen a manger for bed;
Searcely His swaddling-clothes keep His limbs
warm,
Coral nor pearl He wears set in a charm.

First Shepherd.

Who is His mother? What dame of degree?

Second Shepherd.

Born of a peasant, a peasant is she.

First Shepherd.

What is His father?

Second Shepherd.

The Ancient of Days.
Seraphs and cherubs unite in His praise.

He was, ere sun and stars, midnight and morn;
Neither begotten, created, nor born,
He shall be, when this world falls to decay,
Even as a garment the moth eats away.

First Shepherd.

What give men to His Son?

Second Shepherd.

Garments of silk,
King's sons are given, and pearls white as
milk,
Bars of white silver, and flocks of white ewes,
Baskets of ringdoves, and hawks for the mews.

First Shepherd.

Doves nor ewes will I bring, coral nor eaul,
But such an offering as outweighs all;
Little Christ, see my heart laid at Thy feet,
Make it fit gift for Thee, O Baby sweet.

Real Christmas Presents.

(Elizabeth McCracken, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Lillian hurried through her luncheon, hurried into her wraps, hurried to the cashier of the restaurant, and hurriedly paid her bill. She rushed from the restaurant, rushed into a shop, and bought ten yards of narrow red ribbon, and rushed out of the shop. She all but flew up the street to the office building; she hurried up the steps, and ran down the hall and into the elevator. Lillian was fond of exercise; but such very violent exercise as she had been taking that morning was not her usual custom, and is explained by the fact that the day was less than a week before Christmas, when time seems at once particularly valuable and more than particularly limited.

She leaned against one side of the elevator, flushed and breathless, her eyes shining. The elevator boy could not help smiling in sympathy, Lillian's happy excitement was so contagious.

Lillian found so much joy in life, especially during the days just before Christmas. Lillian gave fully as much joy to life as she found in it; the more she found, the more she gave, and the more she gave, the more she found. It kept her very busy and very happy. The elevator boy thought her the happiest person in the world.

Her office, or, more accurately, the office in which she was assistant book-keeper, was on the fifth floor of the building; and during her many journeys up and down in the elevator she had become very well acquainted with the elevator boy, who was really a boy of about fifteen years. Lillian had been in the office only since September, but she had gained the boy's friendship. She simply had been courteous and friendly to him, just as she was to her brother's associates; but, though she did not know it, the boy often thought of her at night as he lay awake under a tenement roof, and hoped that his sister might grow up into a woman like Miss Lillian Gordon, a woman who had time always to smile and say, 'Good morning,' when she went up in the elevator in the morning, and to smile and say, 'Good night,' when she came down in the evening.

'You are back from lunch soon to-day, Miss Gordon,' he observed shyly, as Lillian leaned against the elevator, resting after her hurried progress from the restaurant to the elevator.

'Yes,' said Lillian. 'It is only four days before Christmas; and I am very busy, writing Christmas letters, and getting my Christmas presents tied and wrapped and ready to go.'

'Tied and wrapped?' said the boy vaguely.

'Why, yee; with red ribbons, you know, and holly.'

'O!' said the boy still more vaguely.

Lillian glanced quickly at his face. A queer, half-puzzled, half-wistful expression had crept into it. She was about to ask him to explain his vague exclamation; but the elevator had reached the fifth floor, and the boy opened

the door. Lillian merely had time to smile at him once more before she turned and sped down the hall.

'He doesn't seem really to know much about Christmas presents,' she mused, 'and yet he certainly should; most persons at least know about them.'

The boy went slowly down with the elevator, the queer expression still on his face. He had a very pleasing face; his eyes were brown and steady, and his lips had a resolute curve; but it was not quite so happy a face as a boy of fifteen may usually have. Even with its resolute lips it always had a little suggestion of unsatisfied longing hovering over it. Lillian remembered, and often wondered about it; and had, because of it, an especially kindly feeling for the boy. Though Lillian found such joy in life, she had her unsatisfied longings, her deferred hopes, and her privations. She merely differed from many persons in that she had learned to be as happy in spite of circumstances as she might be because of circumstances.

The boy, of course, did not know this fact regarding Lillian. As he went down with the elevator, he said to himself:—

'It must be nice to have real Christmas presents, tied up with holly. It must be fun to give 'em. Miss Gordon has lots of fun; I never saw anybody as has more. She jes' goes round smilin' all the time. I'd like to have fun that way! I'd like to have a real present I'd like to give 'em away.'

As he said the last words, he and the elevator reached the first floor. A new and delightful thought rushed at the same instant into his mind. He pushed open the door, his face so bright with the new thought that a very solemn old man who was waiting to be taken up to his office on the sixth floor relaxed his usual gravity, and actually smiled in return, and even went beyond that, and said, 'Getting ready for Christmas, Arthur?'—the elevator boy's name was Arthur. The boy was very much astonished, but he was pleased too. He began to think he, too, was having fun, like Miss Lillian Gordon.

'Yes,' he said. 'I'm thinkin' of givin' away a real Christmas present.'

The solemn old man smiled again as he left the elevator. 'I wonder what that boy would call an unreal Christmas present!' he meditated.

Lillian at the same moment was meditating upon that same subject. She still had half of her luncheon hour left; and she sat at her desk, writing notes, and tying little white parcels with the narrow red ribbon that she had bought. As she wrote and tied, she thought about the boy.

'I wonder whether he really doesn't know about Christmas presents,' she thought. 'Of course he knows! Why, some at least, of the people in this building must give him pre-

sents!' she paused suddenly; then she laughed softly. 'I shall give him one myself this year!'

She was still trying to decide exactly what to give him, when the head bookkeeper, Miss Williams, returned from lunch. Miss Williams was much older than Lillian; and usually she was very calm and deliberate, but the fact that Christmas was only four days in the future was plainly apparent even in her that morning. She had little bundles in her hands, and pink flushes in her cheeks and she came breezily into the office.

'O, Miss Williams!' exclaimed Lillian, 'you are exactly the person I want to see!'

Miss Williams laughed, removed her hat, and smoothed her hair. 'Am I?' she said. 'About what, my dear? Are you needing any help with the books?'

'Books?' exclaimed Lillian. 'It's not about the books! I wanted to ask you what the people in the building usually give Arthur for Christmas presents.'

'Arthur? Oh, the elevator boy. Arthur came here about a week before Christmas. The other boy, the one who was leaving, got the present. He deserved it, of course, for he had been here the whole year, and longer. Arthur will get it, of course, this year.'

'It? Does every one in the building give him one present, together?' said Lillian wonderingly.

'Oh, I forgot you didn't understand,' said Miss Williams. 'We don't buy anything for the elevator boy. We don't know what he will want. We all contribute a little money, and give him whatever it amounts to. It usually is a very nice little sum.'

'Oh!' said Lillian thoughtfully.

'It wouldn't be practical to buy one large present, that he might not want, or a number of small ones, each of so little value. It is much more sensible to give him the money, and let him get what he likes,' Miss Williams explained further, as she observed the increasing seriousness that showed itself in Lillian's face. 'Don't you see that it is?'

'Ye-es,' said Lillian slowly. 'I suppose that otherwise there would be danger of each person's giving him neckties, handkerchiefs, or jack-knives; but the money doesn't seem quite the same as a real Christmas present.'

Miss Williams smiled. 'Perhaps it doesn't,' she said, 'but it is the usual custom in office buildings, with the elevator boy, I believe. The world is a practical place, my dear.'

'Yes,' said Lillian, as the clock struck one. 'Yes, I know it is, but—'

She did not finish the sentence aloud; but an hour later, when the stenographer in the next office, who, as Miss Williams had explained, usually collected the money for the elevator boy's Christmas present, came into the office, Lillian said, 'I've planned to give him a personal present.' Miss Williams smiled.

ed; but the stenographer, who was too much in a hurry to give any thought to possible motives for personal presents, took Miss Williams's contribution, and, having completed her canvass of the fifth floor, went up in the elevator to the sixth.

Arthur was still beaming. He had decided to give a real Christmas present, to give it to his sister, the sister who he hoped would grow up into a woman exactly like Miss Gordon. (Miss Gordon was not quite so grown up in years as the elevator boy thought). He was in the delightful tortures of trying to decide exactly what to give her for a real Christmas present. No one except the people in office buildings had ever given him a present, and they had always given him a present of money; and he had never given a present to any one but his sister, and it had always been a present of money.

He wondered what people gave girls for real Christmas presents. Then he decided to wait and ask Miss Gordon; she certainly knew, he was sure.

He did not suspect that the stenographer was collecting money for his present. She hurried from the elevator to the various offices on the sixth floor. The several occupants of the offices gave her their contributions, with one exception. The exception was no other than the solemn old man who had wondered what Arthur meant by an unreal Christmas present.

'Elevator boy's Christmas present?' he ejaculated. Then he smiled slowly, and so kindly that he did not for the moment look in the least degree solemn. 'I am sorry, Miss West,—the stenographer's name was Miss Julia West,—or I should say, I am glad—or—that is to say, I have other plans for the elevator boy.'

Under ordinary circumstances this statement from the solemn old man would have aroused Miss West's curiosity, but just before Christmas her mind was too occupied with other things to give it more than a hurriedly passing thought. When she had collected all the contributions from all the offices in the building, for the elevator boy's present, she hurried to her own office, and counted it; and then put it carefully away in the safe, to be kept until Christmas Eve. It was, as Miss Williams had said it usually was, a nice little sum.

Mr. Cameron MacLaren, the solemn old man, meanwhile, had left his office. He was not a man who procrastinated; and having, as he had told Miss Julia West, other plans connected with a Christmas present for the elevator boy, he immediately proceeded to put them into execution. He went down in the elevator, smiling to himself, and went without delay to the nearest toy-store. Mr. MacLaren was a bachelor, and unfortunately he had no nephews, and was consequently rather ignorant regarding the proper things to give as real Christmas presents to boys of fifteen.

However, he went into the toy-store, and said to a young woman who came forward, and inquired as to what she could show him, 'I want something for a boy.'

'What kind of a boy?' asked the young woman, meaning, doubtless, how old a boy.

'Elevator boy,' said Mr. Cameron absently-mindedly.

The young woman, fortunately, understood the value of old-fashioned ideas of propriety. She did not smile, except in thought; and, discovering the elevator boy's age, she gave Mr. MacLaren several suggestions as to a Christmas present. Finally, Mr. MacLaren selected a pair of skates; and, thanking the young woman, returned with them to his office, and carefully put them into the safe. He laughed as he closed the door of the safe.

'He is going to give a real Christmas present. He will get one!' he said, wondering why he had never before thought to give real Christmas presents to the elevator boys he had known.

The elevator boy in question waited impatiently until it was time for Miss Lillian Gordon to go home. She was a trifle late, and was the only person from the offices in the elevator as it went down for the last time that day. Lillian was very much pleased as she saw the boy's face so much brighter than it had been.

'I want to give my sister a present, Miss Gordon,' he began. 'I never gave her a real

Christmas present, and I don't know what to get.'

'A real present?' said Lillian inquiringly.

'Yes,' said Arthur. 'I always give her a little money at Christmas; course that's nice to have, and she liked it,' he added hastily; 'but I want to give her a real Christmas present, tied up with a red ribbon.'

'I see,' said Lillian very kindly indeed. 'What can you give her? Girls always like pretty things. Some little silver cuff-pins would be nice, or a little silver button-hook. You can get them right across the street, or you may see something there you will like better. You get it, and bring it up, and I'll



'TIED AND WRAPPED?' SAID THE BOY VAGUELY.

(Drawn by G. W. Picknell.)

help you tie it. I have yards more red ribbon than I need; and I shall have more holly, too. Don't forget! Good-night.'

She told her family all about it as soon as she reached home. They were greatly interested, from her mother, who advised her, in consideration of the elevator boy's name, to give him that delightful book, 'The Boy's King Arthur'; to her brother, who urged her to get him a pair of skates. Happily for Mr. MacLaren and Arthur, too, she took her mother's advice.

The day before Christmas, she bought the book; she wrapped it, and tied it with red ribbon, and slipped a sprig of holly under the ribbon. Just as she put it into her desk, Arthur came into the office, bringing a small box containing his real Christmas present for his sister.

'It's little pins, like you said,' he explained, exhibiting them proudly to Lillian's appreciative eyes.

She admired them even as warmly as he desired, and decorated the box containing them with red ribbons and a sprig of holly. Arthur was delighted; he began to be certain that he was having not only fun, but as much fun as Miss Gordon.

Before he went home that Christmas Eve, he had very much more fun than he had ever imagined possible. Miss Julia West gave him the nice little sum of money she had collected for him, and which would be very useful indeed to him; and Miss Lillian Gordon presented him with 'The Boy's King Arthur,' so gayly decorated; and Mr. Cameron MacLaren—a sprig of holly in his buttonhole, if not under the hemp twine tied around his present—gave him the skates. Most amazing of all, Miss Williams, first glancing around to see that no one was looking, hastily handed him a parcel with a rubber band around it, and said, 'The world is a practical place, Arthur, but—there's a knife for you; and I wish you a happy Christmas.' So saying, the calm and deliberate Miss Williams turned and fled.

In fact, all the givers of the presents had

hastened away before Arthur could thank them. It was just as well that they had, for he was too greatly overcome with amazement and joy for words. The next day, which was Christmas Day itself, he wrote notes to them, the longest to Miss Lillian Gordon, to whom he said in conclusion: 'It was such fun to have real Christmas presents,—nice as money is to have. I never had any real ones before! It was fun to give my sister a real one, too; and she is that gay over the pins! They was all nice to give me the presents; but I sorter feel it sorter come 'cause of you.' You seemed to get such fun out of giving real Christmas presents, it made me want to have them, and it made me want to give them, more than to have them. And I sorter think it must have had something to do, too, with the other people's thinking of giving them to me. I'm sorter shook up in by mind now as to which is more fun,—having them or giving them!'

Outside.

The toy-shop is a merry place

At any time of year,
But, oh! it's quite like fairy-land
When Christmas day is near.

The music-boxes tinkle,
And the trumpets add their noise;
And up and down and everywhere
Are toys and toys and toys!

The busy crowds that look and laugh

And hurry to and fro,
The dolls that walk, the dolls that talk,
The cars that truly go,
The tops that sing, the steeds that prance
For children to bestride—
How sad it seems that any child
Should need to stand outside!

In prickly green of Christmas wreaths
The holly berries glow,
The Christmas trees will sparkle soon,
With Christmas fruit bent low,
And here's a thought will help us all
At happy Christmas-tide,
The very best of pleasures
Are the pleasures we divide!

Wherever hearts are happy,
'Tis a simple thing to do,
To seek some other, sadder heart,
And make it happy, too.
The joy we share with others
Is a joy that's multiplied,
And 'twill make a perfect Christmas
If there's no one left outside.
—Hannah G. Fernald, in the 'Youth's Companion.'

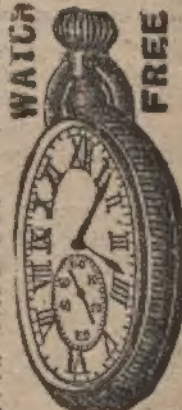
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JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

A Christmas Pudding.

(Evelyn Day Phyllys, in the New York Post.)

"Helen," called her mother, "here is that package you were speaking about, and there are no directions in it. Besides that, it is not a half-prepared food."

"I thought the clerk was mistaken," answered the daughter. "Oh, dear, I suppose I will have to take it back! I told him I should if there were no recipes enclosed—and I do so hate to exchange things!"

"Well, as you always trade there, and are on your way to order more groceries, they won't care," consolingly remarked Mrs. Warren, who sympathized with this sensitiveness in Helen.

So young Mrs. Clifton departed for the store with the little package under her arm and a half-rebellious look on her pretty face.

"Now, children, let us all sit down and have a grand powwow. You know we cannot do much, if anything, for Christmas this year. Baby has been ill, and what little money I had saved had to go to pay the doctor. I lost several places where I could have worked because I had to stay at home. So, darlings, we must be satisfied with very little. At least we can thank God that we are in good health!" and poor Mrs. Gilbert surreptitiously wiped a tear from her eye, and tried to smile cheerfully at her little group. Baby snuggled on her lap.

Mr. Gilbert had died very suddenly with pneumonia two years before, and the poor widow had not found it easy to provide for four hungry little mouths—to say nothing of Baby Jim, who could not understand her long absences. He had fretted himself into a fever, and nothing but her constant presence had saved the precious life.

It was two days before Christmas, and Tom, the oldest of the children, had secured a position during the holidays as errand boy for a laundry in the neighborhood, and proudly pushed one of those covered atrocities on wheels. When delivering bundles he left it on the corner of the street nearest the house visited.

Then there was Edith, eight years old, who helped mother like the dear little woman she was. Philip was six, a jolly round-faced youngster fond of goodies—which, alas, he seldom had the opportunity of tasting. And last, but not least, was Baby Jim—the pet and darling of them all, only two and a half.

At the close of the mother's words there was a short silence, then Phil, the irrepressible, broke in:

"Oh, mamma, I don't care if we don't have anything else, if we can only have a puddin'!" and he smacked his lips noisily.

"Pudding!" echoed his mother, while Tom and Edith sat with open mouths, scarcely believing they heard aright.

"Well," explained Phil, "all the other fellows in my class are goin' to have 'em—they said so—and I want some, too," and he sat back in his chair and looked resentfully at the others.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, don't feel bad," cried his mother, and she reached over and brought him within the shelter of her arm, looking into his chubby face with a loving glance. "Perhaps—though goodness knows how!—we might manage one."

"What kind?" eagerly asked all three, while eyes grew big and mouths fairly watered at the thought.

"Hum," slowly pondered Mrs. Gilbert, now entering fully into the spirit of it. "What kind do you want?" and she looked from one to another.

The little faces grew serious. Would they at last have a real pudding like the other folks? Seems as if they never had had one it was so long since the last. Why, they could not even remember how one tasted! Let's see, what kinds were there?

The mother saw how absorbed they were, and while she had not really believed it would be possible before, now she set her lips firmly and said inwardly: "They shall have one! Somehow it must come."

The next morning Tom carefully steered the little laundry wagon over rough cobbles and around corners, whistling cheerily the while and thinking of the pudding that was to grace their Christmas table. Doubt? Not a

bit of it. Hadn't mother said they would have it? That was enough.

His last call on the way home to lunch was half way through One Hundred and Eleventh Street, so he left the cart on the corner of Eighth Avenue and ran across the street into the basement.

The laundry was not quite ready, so he sat down near the dumbwaiter, humming to himself and thinking of the many beautiful things displayed in the store windows. They were not for him, so he was not envious.

"Here you are, sonny," called down a voice through the shaft, and the boy quickly drew the waiter down, although his little arms ached from their unaccustomed work. It seemed to him as if all the people who had laundry done lived on top floors.

As he reached the street level he glanced toward the cart. There was a white bundle up on its top, done up in paper and tied with a string.

"Looks like a brick," he thought, "only it isn't heavy enough."

Turning it over he read: "This is good; only it isn't the kind I like. Give it to your mother."

Without delay he wheeled the cart and fairly flew towards home. Rushing into the house he almost fell over little Jim, who was playing in the kitchen.

"Mother, mother, here's something for you," he cried, placing the package in her hands. "Do open it!" The others gathered round wonderingly.

Mrs. Gilbert carefully untied the amateurishly done up bundle. Its contents proved to be a pasteboard box full of a whitish substance.

"One Pound Flake Tapioca," simultaneously read mother and son.

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil. "My puddin' is come!" and he and Edith took hold of hands and spun around in the middle of the room until they were dizzy.

"I wonder if it really is good," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I'm almost afraid to use anything left around like this."

"You didn't read the writing on the paper," said Tom, and he showed it to her. Her face cleared.

"Anyway, it is a godsend, and I'll trust in human nature enough to think it is not poisoned, and will use it," she decided.

"Will we have the pudding, mamma?" and all three gazed at her imploringly.

"We'll see, children," and she smiled cheerily.

After dinner Mrs. Gilbert sent Edith to the store to inquire the price of eggs. She did not think to tell her to price cooking eggs, so when the little girl returned and said forty cents a dozen, she was somewhat discouraged. "Go down to that little store and ask them how much cooking eggs are," she said.

Edith tripped happily along. Suddenly she heard a voice calling, "Little girl, little girl!" She looked around inquiringly, and then located its owner. A woman was leaning from the window of a large apartment house across the street.

"Will you do an errand for me at the baker's?" queried she.

"Yes, ma'am."

Both errands accomplished, the child called at the woman's door, and was ushered into the kitchen, where she delivered the loaf of bread.

Her eyes instinctively turned toward the window, outside of which stood four bottles of milk. Oh, for just one precious bottle! What a lovely pudding it would make!

The woman was watching her curiously.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," answered Edith, with a sigh, as she withdrew her covetous gaze from the milk.

But the stranger drew her into conversation, and at last managed to extract the story of the expected pudding.

Great was Mrs. Gilbert's amazement to hear Edith pounding excitedly on the door after what seemed an alarmingly long absence.

"I've got 'em, I've got 'em!" she shouted vociferously. "Just see!" and she held out a bottle of milk and a nice brown egg to her mother.

And so it really came to pass that they did have the pudding.

"By the way, mother," remarked Mrs. Clifton on Christmas Day, "I forgot to tell you I didn't speak of the tapioca to the clerk yesterday. I felt as if it were worth the ten cents to have them cash my cheques. What do you s'pose I did with it? There was a laundry cart standing on the corner, so I wrote on the package that the contents were good, and laid it on top. I wonder what became of it?"

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

A GREAT NEW STORY.

Fresh from the Author's Pen.

A thrilling new serial, not a dull chapter in it, but bright and enjoyable throughout, will shortly commence in the Montreal 'Witness' ('Daily' and 'Weekly.') Those who seldom read a serial story will read this one with pleasure, and those who have grown tired of the ordinary story will enjoy the freshness and cheerfulness of this one. Exclusive rights for this serial were secured by cable for the 'Witness' before the book was in the hands of the retail dealers.

'Messenger' subscribers who do not now take the 'Witness' may have the 'Daily Witness' clubbed with the 'Northern Messenger' one year each for only \$3.10, or the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' one year for only \$1.20. Those whose subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' are not expiring at this season, and who wish to make a trial of the 'Witness' while the new story is running, may have the 'Daily Witness' for ten weeks (and until the story is finished, if longer) for only fifty cents; or, if they are not near enough for the 'Daily,' they may have the 'Weekly Witness' for five months (until the story is finished, if longer) for only forty cents.

The attached coupon must be used in remitting these trial subscriptions, or if the subscriber does not wish to cut, or wishes a second coupon, an exact written copy of the coupon would be accepted.

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Any subscriber sending in these trial subscriptions at the full rate as per above offers, to the amount of two dollars, will receive as a special premium, a fountain pen or watch, as he may choose.

The pen is a full sized pen, with gold nib, iridium pointed, for extra durability, compares well with any two dollar pen in the market; can be had in three grades—fine, medium or stub points.

The watch is a good, reliable, nickel watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed by the maker. With proper use it will last for years. Who will be the first to win one of these premiums?

SERIAL STORY COUPON. N. M.

"I have not been taking the 'Witness,' but would like to get it while the new serial, 'In Pursuit of a Phantom,' is running. I therefore enclose cents in accordance with offer named above for "..... Witness." Please send to

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Fond of Mincepies.

Well, and if I do like mincepies, where's the harm? There's nothing against them in the Commandments that I know of. It's just that Miss Simpkins, our governess; she's always at me, worrying and saying I'm greedy. Greedy, indeed! just because I can eat faster than her or Grandfather or Maisie, and so, of course, I pushed my plate up for another mincepie before they'd done. Yes, I like mincepies. Why shouldn't I?

'It's in the family, Miss Simpkins,' said Grandfather. 'Has no one told Geoff the story of our ancestor, Geoffrey Randolph—his namesake, by the way—who lived in Charles the Second's time?'

No, no one had told me. You see, Father has an appointment in China, and Maisie and I are sent to live with Miss Simpkins at the seaside in England until Father and Mother come home. I'm sick of the seaside; I want to go to school. I don't want to be called greedy by a pack of women.

I like Grandfather, there's some sense in him. He comes over pretty often to see us, and he gets me off my lessons to go for a walk with him, and then he stays to dinner. We had mincepies to-day, because it was near Christmas.

'Did one of our ancestors like mincepies, Grandfather?' I wanted to know about that.

'Yes, boy, very much.'

'More than me?' I asked.

'More than you do, I hope.'

'Tell us 'bout him, Daddy,' said Maisie.

'All right, but you must listen very quietly,' said Grandfather.

This was the story. I'll tell it as he did if I can, and you must think it is Grandfather speaking.

'It was in Charles the Second's days, as I said before, and the whole country was disturbed. Some were on the King's side, some on the side of the Parliament. All the Randolphs were for the King.

'Of course!' said Maisie. She is such a parrot, but Grandfather kissed her quiet.

'Well, Randal Randolph, the Squire of that day, was too outspoken. The Parliament was in the ascendant, and he couldn't hold his tongue, but must give his after-dinner toast, 'The King, and down with his enemies!' He was warned, but it was of no use, he couldn't be cautious. Every morning his pretty young wife rose in terror, she was so sure her husband would be caught and imprisoned before sundown by the Parliamentary forces, who were always in the neighborhood. But Randal only laughed; he had good friends in high places who would give him timely notice, and let him slip off to France if there was danger. And then he would hum much too loudly, "God save the King!"'

'But, Daddy, darling, this is a mincepie story,' said Maisie.

'So it is, my pet. I'll get on. Well, Randal Randolph had a young son, Geoffrey Randolph, eight years old, like you, Geoff, my boy—like you in many things, but especially in being over-fond of mincepies, which he bought from a travelling pie-man, Hamer by name. Hamer was a bit suspected, too, of being on the King's side, or at any rate of carrying news to the Royalists, so Mrs. Randolph begged him not to come to the Hall while times were so unsettled. This bothered Geoff, whose money burned in his pocket till he had turned it into pies. One day, however, wandering in the Hall grounds, he came across Hamer with his pie-tray. Geoff felt in his pocket, but there was nothing there, and he fell to lamenting, and blamed the pie-man. "Cheer up, little Master," said Hamer. "I'll give you a pie—there! And then you must carry this other pie safe to your lady mother, and whisper in her ear that it is from old Hamer, and that he says she must eat it now, at once." "Eat it at once!" said Geoff, his teeth well set in his own pie. It was luck to find the pie-man in so generous a mood. "There, now, off with you," as Geoff, having finished his pie, was attentively considering the one meant for his mother. Without further parley he started for the house, meaning fully to carry the dainty safely; but alas! alas! Geoffrey and Maisie, he loved mincepies too well,

and something tempted him just to take a little nibble at the second pie, and the nibble made such an ugly gap in it that he was frightened. "I can't take it to mother like that," he said. "She would know I had bitten it." "Eat it, put it out of sight altogether," said something inside him. And Geoff listened and ate it.

Maisie gave a great gasp.

'Yes, he ate it, and it was hard to swallow, though he took great gulps, looking all round to see that no one was watching him. He was very unhappy, and kept away from his father and mother lest they should see in his face that he had eaten the second mincepie. But at dusk a terrible thing happened, which prevented anyone thinking much about little Geoff. The soldiers came, and made his fa-

'Did the soldiers kill his father?' asked Maisie, very anxiously.

'No, little one, happily not, or Geoffrey would never have forgiven himself. But he was put in prison for a time, and then came the Restoration—King Charles returned, and Randal Randolph was released. Now you see why I said that your ancestor loved mincepies better than Geoff here.'

'Geoff wouldn't eat a mincepie meant for Mother,' said Maisie, 'and I don't think I should. At least, I hope not, for it was mean as well as greedy. It's a dreadful story about a mincepie,' said Maisie.

'All's well that ends well,' said Grandfather, 'and I'll engage that young Geoffrey never played such a prank again.'

'We will hope that our Geoffrey will learn



OUR ANCESTORS' MINCEPIES.

ther a prisoner, carrying him off without a moment's delay. "Be a good boy, and serve your King when you get the chance," was Randal Randolph's good-bye to his boy. After all, Randal's great friends had forgotten to warn him! But no, it was not so. Listen, children. Geoffrey had eaten the mincepie which contained the warning note!

'Oh, Granddaddy!' said Maisie.

'It all came out afterwards. Hamer was engaged in great haste to send a message to the Hall in a mincepie. The warning was written quite small and slipped under the crust, and greedy Geoffrey ate it!'

a lesson from his ancestor's failing, and make a strong resolution against greediness for the future,' said Miss Simpkins.

She is such a prig; but Grandfather is on my side, and he says I shall go to school after Easter.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

They Say—

Some Common Superstitions About Christmas.

There are a good many old customs still practised in Great Britain, and those that are continued for their quaintness and beauty, or for the sake of the merriment they bring, or for any other innocent reason, we would not wish to see abolished, but those that are continued because of belief in superstitions connected with them ought either to be abandoned or else be known for what they are.

Take that belief regarding the 'first foot in' at Yuletide. In many places, particularly in Scotland, it is confined to New Year's Day, but in Sheffield it is Christmas Day as well. Someone of the male sex must both come in and go out of the door before any woman crosses it. Naturally this leads to a good deal of bartering and bribing, for every boy may set a price on his head, or, rather, his foot, if he likes, for that occasion. Happily for the people who have to pay, one boy is considered sufficient to protect the house for the year!

In some parts of Scotland he who first opens the door on Yule Day expects to prosper more than all the rest during the next year, because, as they say, 'He lets in Yule.' It is common to have a table covered in the house from morning to evening, with bread and cakes and drink upon it, so that anyone who calls may take a portion, and it is considered particularly unlucky for that house where any fail to do so.

So much has this superstition advanced that it is thought necessary to not only show hospitality, but to demand that the 'first foot' shall bring good faring with him. This last custom, however, in Edinburgh, was somewhat checked in the early part of last century by rioting and robbery; those who were abroad carrying their gifts were attacked and robbed, and even brutally treated. The practice has now dwindled down to the carrying in of an apple, or of something of eatable value only.

In the Isle of Man a cruel custom of Hunting the Wren has been kept alive from time immemorial. It used formerly to be observed on December 24th, then on St. Stephen's Day, the 26th, but at present there is no particular day, any day in the week being equally good.

This curious custom arose from a belief that a fairy of unusual beauty cast such a spell over the male population that she, at certain times, induced by her sweet voice numbers of them to follow her footsteps, till by degrees she led them into the sea to their own destruction. But a brave knight sprang up who laid a plot for the fairy's own destruction, which she only escaped by taking refuge in the body of the little brown wren. Every New Year's Day she is compelled to assume the wren's body, and this is the opportunity for man and boy to hunt the poor little defenceless birds with guns and stones, and bawling it is for any of them who dare show themselves!

If they succeed in capturing and killing a wren, its tormentors then sling it to a pole and carry it round from house to house, bartering its feathers one by one—of course for coins! Indeed, you will find that nowadays most of these ancient customs have degenerated into the modern demand of Pay, pay, pay, for such virtues as there may be left in them.

We make our plum-puddings and eat our mince-pies at Christmas now without much regard to their being a test of good churchmanship, or anything else, but in days of long ago to eat a mince pie was really and truly a test of orthodoxy. These pies were sometimes baked in the form of a coffin-shaped crust, to represent the manger where the infant Jesus was laid. But whatever other connection they had, we have record that they were almost as popular three hundred years ago as they are to-day.

We may take it that the plum-pudding had its origin in that 'sort of soup with plumbs, not at all inferior to the pye,' of which we read in some ancient records, for porridge—and this was 'plum porridge'—was used in the sense of our pudding. Shakespeare talks of 'porridge after meat,' meaning pudding after meat. Turkey, too, belonged to Christmas fare as far back as three hundred years ago,

as the following couplet shows (it is written of a spread in the year 1587):—

'Beefe, mutton, and porke, shred pies of the best;
Pig, veale, goose, and capon, and turkie well drest.'

But of all the Christmas customs, that of the Christmas-tree, perhaps our most popular observance of them all to-day, it is strange to find, is not ancient at all, at least not in England. It has, therefore, for us, no superstitious connection whatever.

The Germans claim to have made use of the Christmas-tree before any other nation, and they have many legends connected with it, but as far as we are concerned, it was no legend at all. We began to have Christmas-trees after Queen Victoria was married to Prince Albert, for the Royal nurseries were made happy with them first, and then they were introduced into the families of the people wherever there were little children to be made glad with the pretty sight.

The Discontented Fir-tree.

(Zitella Cocke, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

Once upon a time, for things always happen upon a time, there grew in the forest a little fir-tree. Round her stood majestic oaks, tall poplars, stately pines and spreading beeches, so that the light of the sun, which is the joy of every tree on earth, reached her only by piercing through treetops and running round boughs covered with leaves, or darting between the stout trunks of giant trees.

Rarely did she get a view of the sky. Even the rain, which brought such delicious refreshment when she was thirsty, fell first on the great trees, and then dripped from their branches into her arms.

The little fir began to think herself ill-treated, to complain and look sullen, which never improves anybody's looks, and thus she bewailed her unhappy lot all the summer. When the tall trees put on their gorgeous autumn costumes, she grew morose, and at last was quite inconsolable.

Soon the snow descended, and while it fell here and there upon the scraggy limbs of the tall trees, it wrapped the little fir in a cloak of ermine, so that she looked like a princess.

'After all,' she said, 'I am going to have my time, and those trees cannot hide me from the sun any longer.'

One day, while she was taking delight in her good fortune, she heard footsteps, and soon three strong men, bearing tools, stood before her.

'Oh!' exclaimed one of the men, 'this is a beauty! No need to look farther. We will take it up by the roots.'

Without delay the little fir was carefully lifted out of the earth, her delicate roots wrapped in a soft cloth and placed in a waggon.

After riding a long distance, she was lifted out of the waggon at the back entrance of a great palace and carried into a room, and tenderly set in a large pot, so beautiful that she almost lost her breath at the sight of it.

After this she was borne into a hall, finer and handsomer than anything she had ever seen. The ceiling resembled the blue sky at night, when the stars are out. Oh, how the tall trees would envy her if they could see her now! And better fortune came the next day. A man entered the hall and took from a box in his hand wax tapers of every color, and set them among her green branches, so that she bloomed with the hues of the rainbow. She had never dreamed of so much beauty. All day long persons entered the room, and each one hung something beautiful upon her branches—diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and dolls dressed like fairy queens. She wore more jewels than the queen. At her feet were set magnificent vases of flowers.

'Oh, how everybody honors me!' thought the little fir.

Then came the joyous Christmas eve. The wax tapers were lighted, and such a blaze of glory shone over the little fir that crowds stood round, exclaiming, 'How beautiful!'

How the people laughed and talked! How the children made merry! And how the little fir's heart overflowed with happiness!

'And to think,' said she to herself, 'that all the time I was lamenting my fate I was being fitted for the king's palace! Oh, I did not know what was for my own good!'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

IT'S CATCHING, BOYS!

If You are Afraid, Just Skip This.

Yes, it is, indeed! Enthusiasm is catching—as catching as the measles—but a good deal nicer to catch.

If your chum showed you a splendid going watch he had just secured, or a first class fountain pen (like the one you see on the headmaster's desk, when you are called up for an interview, you know), or one of those fine, big jack-knives that you always hoped to get some day or other—if your chum showed you any one of these, and told you he had won his by selling the 'Canadian Pictorial'—that you had only to sell twelve for the knife, eighteen for the pen, or twenty-four for the watch—wouldn't you hurry round and look for a post card to rush in your order? We think so.

Anyway, that's what lots of other boys are doing. If you could just be at this end of the 'Pictorial' Boys' Mail, you would see how it goes. We have only space to give you one or two peeps this time into our letter-bag. It keeps us rushing to fill all the orders—especially as everyone wants the Christmas Number 'by return mail.'

Here are some letters:

'My brother sold eighteen copies, got a splendid fountain pen, which he is very much pleased with. Please send me the eighteen, and I will sell them for a fountain pen. His uncle said the pen was a good one.'—Ernest Peden, C.P. Ont.

'I sold the twelve copies in five minutes, and could have sold the other twelve that I ordered in five minutes more. Rush the other twelve copies so that I can earn the watch.'—Bob Hayes, S. Que.

'Received my watch in good shape, and am well pleased with it. Thanks very much. A friend of mine, William Jack-

son, wishes to earn a watch, so will you please send him twenty-four copies of next month's (Christmas) issue.'—John J. Spencer, Port C. Ont.

'Please send me one dozen copies of the Christmas Number 'Canadian Pictorial.' I thank you for the jack-knife. It is a 'dandy.'—George Bevan, Craik, Sask., who earned his knife by selling twelve.

'I sold twelve papers as quickly as I could hand them out. I received your knife, and think it is a 'dandy.' I won't part with it. Will sell next month's (Christmas) papers, twenty-four, for a watch, and eighteen for a pen as well.'—Lloyd McKerracher, P. Ont.

'I received my watch on Saturday evening, and am delighted with it. It is a beauty, and I feel more than repaid for selling the 'Pictorial.' I had no bother in selling them. You may send me copies of the Christmas Number to sell. I know they will be very nice, and I may send for more.'—Russell Gumble, L.B. Ont. P.S.—'My watch is keeping good time.'

No time for you to lose if you want the Christmas Number. Send in your order right away. Cash in advance, at rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once, just as soon as you remit for the first. Every one wants a Christmas Number. Many will take half a dozen straight to send to friends in the Old Country. Orders promptly filled.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Sales Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

P.S.—Look out next week for our 'Honor Roll.'

LITTLE FOLKS



(The Good Shepherd, Blackie & Son)

'The Little Grey Lamb.'

(By A. B. D. Sullivan.)

Out on the endless purple hills, deep
in the clasp of sombre night,
The shepherds guarded their weary
ones—guarded their flocks of
cloudy white,
That like a snowdrift in silence
lay,
Save one little lamb with its
fleece of grey.

Out on the hillside all alone, gazing
afar with sleepless eyes,

The little grey lamb prayed soft
and low, its weary face to the
starry skies:

'O moon of the heavens so fair,
so bright,
Give me—oh, give me—a fleece
of white!'

In many cathedrals grand and dim,
whose windows glimmer with
pane and lens,

'Mid the odor of incense raised in

prayer, hallowed about with
last amens,

The Infant Saviour is pictured fair,
with kneeling Magi wise and
old,

But his baby hand rests—not on
the gifts, the myrrh, the frank-
cense, the gold,

But on the head with a heavenly
light of the little grey lamb
that was changed to white.

—'St. Nicholas.'

The Fruitee Family.

(By Mary Alden Hopkins, in the
'Congregationalist and Chris-
tian World').

Starchbox Villa, Cupboard Lane,
Pantryville, had been the address
of the Fruitees ever since they
could remember—which was less
than a week. The cook made Mr.
Fruitee one evening out of evapor-
ated peaches and apricots and raisins
and almonds, with wire for bones
and muscles, and then she hurried
to finish Mrs. Fruitee and the rest.

Prunie, the dog, belonged
to the cherry-prune breed, which
is superior to the ordinary

prune dog. Mammy was an
excellent nurse; when Peachie
cried she stuffed the corner of her
candied orange peel apron into his
mouth to soothe him.

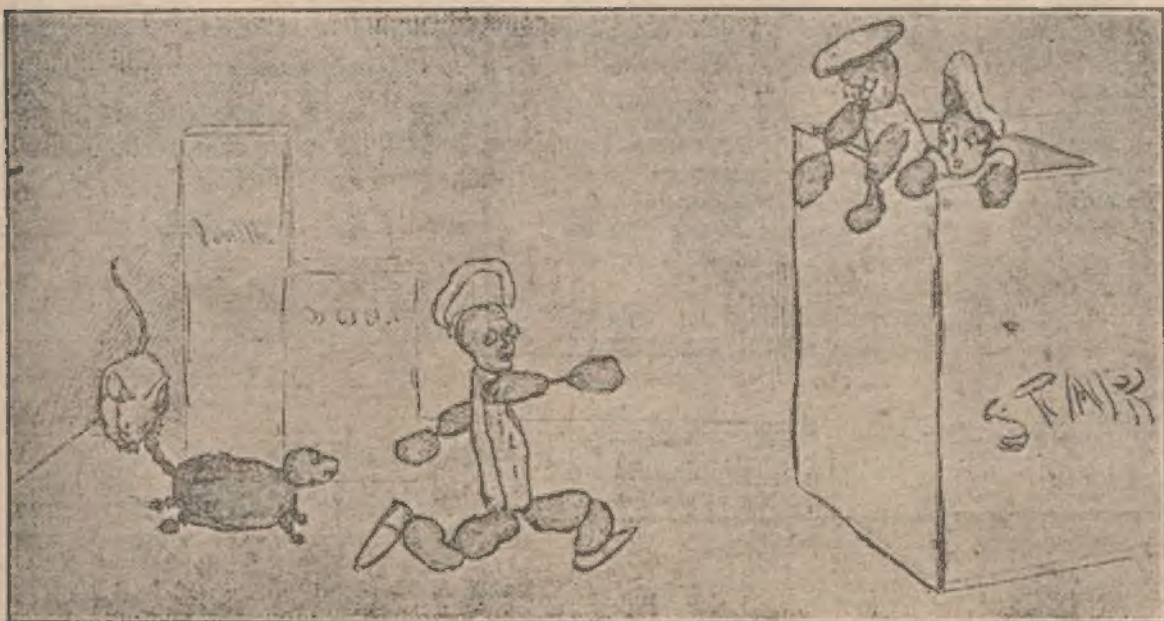
Master Nutty Fruitee was a
source of anxiety to his family.
Not only did he drink whole

bottles of vanilla extract, but
worst of all he stayed out late at
night.

One night Mrs. Fruitee heard
the wolf-mice squeaking in the
distance when she knew that her
son was two shelves from home.

'Don't get yourself into a stew,





my sweet creature,' her husband begged. 'You know a stew has been fatal to many a Fruitee.'

Mrs. Fruitee was fast shrinking into a small hard lump from terror when in the distance she espied her son closely pursued by a ravenous wolf-mouse. Poor Nutty would have perished miserably had it not been for Prunie. That brave dog fought off the furious beast until his master reached the house, and then dashed in, leaving behind him one current from the tip of his tail!

The next morning the cook, who had made them, carried them all into the dining-room.

'It is Christmas Eve,' she explained, 'and you are Priscilla's Christmas gift.' But they had no idea what she meant.



Children and Mother.

Oh! the lamplight was yellow, the firelight red,
And they shone both together on each little head
Bent over the letter I struggled to write,
With the gay little heads getting all of the light.
'Dear Santa Claus, darling,' they told me to say,
'Here's the list you've to bring us a week from to-day:—

A baseball and bat;
A gold watch, a cat;
A tea-set, tin soldiers, and game;
A nice dollie's bed,
A new jointed head;
An air-gun, some pictures with frames;

A peppermint cane.
A long choo-choo train;
A top, a policeman's patrol;
A big toy express,
A silk party dress,
A magnet, with fish and bowl;



'An automobile,
A pig that can squeal;
An engine, with gong, hook and ladder;
A glittery ring,
A bird that can sing,
Oh! nothing could make a child gladder.

'A saucer and cup,
A piano, a pup;
Hand organ, with monkey and cap;
A pony and cart,
A gingerbread heart,
And a baby to hold on my lap.'

But do you suppose that, when Christmas Day broke,
The children got half of the things they bespoke;
Nor did the Saint fail them, he got all they said,
With the queerest old jumble he piled up his sled;
But on reaching their chimney, he found that the flue
Was too small for his pack, and it wouldn't go through.



So he left what he could, and then scattered the rest
Over city and country, just where he thought best;
And the air fairly crinkled with smiles of delight
That made our dear youngsters own Santa Claus quite,
For thousands of children were happy as kings
With hundreds of turtles and trumpets and things.
—'Harper's Bazar.'



Correspondence

B. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet calf named Lily. I have two brothers, and no sisters. I go to school every day, and am in the Fourth Reader. Our teacher is going to leave, and we are going to get a man teacher. I think I know the answer to Willie J. Carruther's riddle—A minister.

WILLIE BROOKS.

L. I., Que.

Dear Editor,—My brothers and I went on a visit to Leeds, and while we were there we went to see Uncle John's mill. His mill has

five months old. We miss him very much. I have two grandmas living with me, but no grandpa; he died in January. We have a pet bird, his name is Dick. We have ten hens.

I will be fourteen years old in May. There are eight in my class, four boys and four girls. My three sisters go to school. Their names are Maggie, Eva and Irene.

Here is a riddle: A little thing smaller than a house, has more windows than all the King's house.

I hope some one will answer my riddle.

ELSIE GREEN (aged 14).

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year and a half. My grandmamma

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have lived on a farm all my life, and I don't think I would like living in town very well. But still, I like to go to town to visit. I am thirteen years old. I go to school and am in the Fifth Book. I have two brothers (Austin and Morley), and one sister (Fannie). I am going to send a riddle:

Which is the fastest traveller, heat or cold?

I think the answer to Christine Jimin's fourth riddle is 'Cat-nip,' and 'A waggon' is the answer to the third.

VERA JANE SMITH.

P. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have only one brother; he is fourteen, and I am eleven years old. We both go to school. Our teacher is a lady, and the scholars all like her very much. We live on a farm in the Township of Artemeria, where local option is in force, and we have not seen any drunken people since the by-law was passed. Our teacher intends to have an entertainment in school about Christmas time, and the scholars are all practicing to take part in the programme.

LILLIAN McKENZIE.

M. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter in the paper lately from a little girl by the name of Bessie Conroy. Bessie is a friend of mine, although we live miles and miles apart. A friend of Bessie's wrote to the Maple Leaf Club, and asked if the boys and girls would give Bessie a letter party on her birthday, and I wrote to her, and I am sure a good many other girls wrote to her also.

I see a great many boys and girls ask riddles; I will send some also:

1. Why is a hen on the fence like a penny?
2. How long did Cain hate his brother?
3. When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up?
4. When is a fowl's neck like a bell?
5. If you saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel disposed to name?
6. If you pull a rabbit's tail what will it say?
7. Why is swearing like an old coat?
8. What makes every one sick but the one that swallows it?

The answer to A. P. Smith's second riddle is a glove.

The answer to Ethel E. Nicholle is a pair of boots.

Myrtle Whitnell's second riddle is a very well known one, the answer is a pear.

A READER.

OTHER LETTERS.

A. E. Carter, C., Ont., seems to be quite a devourer of books from the list given in the letter. The riddle enclosed has been asked before.

Dorothea Kirkpatrick, D., N.B., sends in five riddles, but does not give their answers.

Blanche Matatall, O.B., N.S., answers three riddles correctly, of which the answers have by now been given, and these as well: From a word of five letters take away two and leave one. Ans.—Stone. Why must your nose be in the middle of your face? Ans.—Because it is the scenter (centre).

Frederick A. Matatall, Blanche's brother, also writes. He is looking forward to Christmas, and he says he is glad it will be here soon. He must be a queer fellow, don't you think?

Why, here is someone else looking forward to Christmas! Gladys Berry, in Manitoba. There are going to be concerts in both her Sunday and week-day schools. Dear me! Is Christmas as near as all this?

Elsie Lashley, W., Ont., is not a trained athlete or acrobat and yet she says 'I can pile up the table and chairs and take off my boots and jump over them.' How does she do it?

Effie Burns, O., sends in two more riddles. 1. Why is a coward like a leaky barrel? 2. Why is a person with his eyes shut like a bad schoolmaster?

Mary H. Booth, F., Que., sends in two that have been already asked.

Julia H. Cameron, E., N.S., says she likes drawing the most of all her studies, and both she and K. E., of B., Ont., send in drawings with their letters.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Vase.' Gladys Berry, (aged 11.) P. LaPa., Man.
2. 'Night Owl.' Herbert Goudie (aged 7), I., Ont.
3. 'Roses.' Margaret M. Cameron, E., N.S.
4. 'Eagle.' Isaac R. Bejanson, G., N.S.
5. 'A Squirrel.' Gladys D. Dodge (aged 12), G., N.S.
6. 'Foxie.' Ethel Smith (aged 13), C. B., Que.
7. 'A Goose.' Doris G. Dodge (aged 10), E., N.S.
8. 'Squirrel.' Elsie Lashley (aged 9), W., Ont.

9. 'Reindeer.' Willie Murdock (aged 9), L., Ont.
10. 'Going to War.' Frederick R. Burford, (aged 8), C. P., Ont.
11. 'A Pig.' Julia Cameron (aged 12), E., N. S.
12. 'Christmas Bells.' K. E. (aged 8), B., Ont.
13. 'A Church.' Hazel Latimer (aged 9), A., Ont.
14. 'Out for a Spin.' Johnnie Nelson, P. C., Ont.
15. 'Our Saddle Horse.' Mary Olose, S. L., Man.

I saw mill, a hasher, shingle mill, and planer. We climbed what is called the Golden Stairway. This stairway consists of large rocks; there are trees growing on it. It is very steep. There is a dam, and the water falls 20 feet between large rocks. There is a hole near where the water falls that is nearly 30 feet deep.

JENNIE WARCUP.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor.—We have a little pet colt. We call her Fannie. It's mother died. We have three other horses besides it.

I have one sister and one brother. My sister's name is Jessie. She goes to school every day. My brother's name is Tommy. He is going to school next summer.

I got first prize for drawing at the fall fair this year.

LILY.

(Your riddle has been already asked, Lily. —Ed.)

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day, and am in the fifth book. I am learning out of five books. I have three sisters, but no brother. My only little brother I had died six weeks ago. He was two years and

has taken it for over thirty years. My grandpa is not living, but my grandma is. I never saw my grandpa, for he has been dead about 18 years, and I am only nine. I have read quite a few books, and I am reading a book named 'Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie.'

NELLIE MCGREGOR.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—P. has quite a few attractions, and is a very nice place. I always lived here, and like it very much. It is growing fast, and a great many residences and manufacturing buildings are going up. The hydraulic lift lock is the chief attraction. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great many books. I spent my vacation in Manitoba, and like the country very much.

RUBY CUNNINGHAM.

Dear Editor,—We live two miles from the schoolhouse. We have had a snowstorm the first of the season, but it has thawed all off. I have two kittens, their names are Ralph and Tiger. I have a dog named Scamp. He will go and get the cows. We have three cows, two horses, and one colt. I expect at Christmas to go to the United States for a visit, to see my relations, and my home where I used to live.

MARION A. GOODWIN (aged 8).



LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 30, 1906.

Review.

Golden Text.

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Is. ix., 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Mark xii., 28-34, 38-44.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Matt. xxv., 14-30.

Wednesday, Dec. 26.—Matt. xxvi., 17-30.

Thursday, Dec. 27.—Luke xxiii., 13-25.

Friday, Dec. 28.—Luke xxiii., 33-46.

Saturday, Dec. 29.—Matt. xxviii., 1-15.

Sunday, Dec. 30.—Luke xxiv., 36-53.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

A man called on me once to cultivate my interest in an invention he had made. Not being much acquainted with mechanics, the invention being a somewhat complicated machine, and the description being technical, comparatively little progress was made. In the next visit the inventor brought a plan with specifications, elevations, etc. A better, but not entirely satisfactory understanding was reached. On the third call a working model was set down upon my desk. It was a beautiful bit of mechanism of burnished steel and brass, set in motion by a storage-battery and decorated with tiny electric lights. It was a demonstration. Nothing further was needed.

That is the story of the progress of revelation. God spoke through His prophets and holy men of old. The full meaning of their message was not understood by all. By and by the distinct advance not difficult to account for was made, but even yet revelation was still incomplete. Then in the fulness of time came into the world a Man full of God, living the ideally perfect life of love and service. He is the express image of the life that is pleasing to God. He is in His own person the completion of revelation. He is God's working model. The unskilled, untechnical, wayfaring man need no longer err. He has only to look and know. Yet this Divine working model is not easily exhausted. There is depth and riches of wisdom and grace in Him. See the progress of revelation. First isolated, partial messages from God. Next the revelation of the ideal to written form and finally the manifestation of God in man. God Word, Written Word, Living Word.

This is what makes the study of the life of Jesus transcendent and of inexhaustible importance. It is pleasing to study of the physical and social environment of Jesus, the political, economic conditions of His days; the governmental and ecclesiastical problems; the drift of philosophy and theological thought. But in any of these we are only curious until we are brought to the living Jesus. Jesus is the only one who can interpret Jesus to show us what He is and what He stands for. They are anxious to effect Him. That is their highest aim. They may easily wear himself out on the way to Jesus. He may get lost in the endless and fruitless minutiae of synagogues and schools, and not get near enough to the Son of Man to feel the beat of His definite heart.

For the entire year now closing the portrait of Jesus has been held before the twenty million people who are following the International System of Lessons. The grains will have been inculcated if he and his life have been discerned and his attitude to life assumed as a result of these studies.

Too much time must not be spent upon the incidents of His birth and infancy. They are relatively unimportant. To date upon the star and the angels of the Nativity is to go back to the child age of the race which de-

lights in a marvel. The wonder is not that Jesus was born, but what He became and said and did in His manhood. The isolated instance of His boyhood, standing between infancy and maturity, shows us that the ideal youth was already discerning and adjusting himself to the Divine will. Then follows in course His inauguration by public baptism, His testing by private temptation, and his choice of official associates.

Two familiar terms suffice to epitomize the public life of Jesus. They are Words and Works.

In the quaint Racovian catechism the question is asked, 'Whence had this Man this wisdom?' The answer affirms that Jesus made frequent ascensions to heaven, and received directly from Deity the truths which He afterwards communicated to men. The conception is too artificial to be satisfactory, and besides Jesus spoke with a self-derived authority. His formula was, 'Verily I say unto you.' Then, too, it was not necessary to go into heaven or deep to bring the Divine—God was with Him and in Him. Out of this consciousness of oneness with God he preached as with a Divine commission. His message has an authority that never inhered in ecclesiastical establishment or succession. He is the true Teacher of the universal heart. His congregations dissolved, but in each generation they have been reassembling and have been receiving as if directly from Jesus' lips those words which are spirit and life. There is mystery about it—only the mystery of goodness, love, and service.

The works of Jesus have also engaged our attention for the year just closing. His works are His words in action. He did what He said. He is the Divine example of unselfish service. His ruling principle was, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give and keep giving.' Well might His disciples fear that His zeal would consume, while He neglected food and rest to counsel, heal, and console. Again, He was not doing these kindly offices alone for the immediate objects of His compassion. As He has gathered successive congregations of hearers of His words, so He gathers successive groups of sufferers to be helped and healed. He lives again and forever in His ideals of love and service. Human salvation will ultimately come from the same application of these Divine principles to human life universally.

Nature drew a curtain of darkness around the closing scene of Jesus' life. It is suggestive of the reserve which is becoming the treatment of the last events. To analyze and diagnose, to depict accurately the grim and ghastly associations and incidents is to go back to the Middle Ages, when a bonfire puppet show of it was made upon the streets to awe a foolish folk. This morbid and terrifying picturing of Calvary is an outgrowth of a theology now obsolete, which affirmed that Jesus paid on the cross an exact penalty for the total redemption. This led to a speculative emphasis upon the woe of God's Greater Divine suffering meant greater human sin.

A view now growing in acceptance is that Jesus suffered no more moral anguish upon the cross than He did at times during His life, notably, for example, in Gethsemane. This suffering arose from His identification of Himself with the whole human race, bearing in sympathy upon His holy heart its grief and sins, and burning with the holy purpose to redeem His fellows.

Again, we are reminded that the death of Jesus on the cross is not the goal of the sacred narrative. The last chapter is the true climax. It relates the resurrection, the forty days, and the ascension. It is demonstration of the continuity of life, the survival of spirit, the recognition of friends, and whatever else is contained in that bliss word, heaven.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 30.—Topic—Carey and missions in India. Isa. liv., 2, 3 (the text of Carey's famous sermon).

Junior C. E. Topic.

MEMORY MEETING.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Remember Samuel's words. 1 Sam. vii., 3.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Remember God's gift. John iii., 16.

Wednesday, Dec. 26.—Remember Saul's mistake. 1 Sam. xv., 24, 25.

Thursday, Dec. 27.—Remember Solomon's choice. 1 Kings iii., 9.

Friday, Dec. 28.—Remember your Bible. II. Kings xxiii., 2, 3.

Saturday, Dec. 29.—Remember now thy Creator. Eccl. xii., 1.

Sunday, Dec. 30.—Topic—How have this year's meetings helped you? 1 Sam. vii., 12.

The Cradle Roll.

(For Sunday School Christmas Entertainment.)

Dear infants, precious little things,
Your keeper is the King of Kings;
While Christmas music sweetly rings,
We join to welcome you.

Into this circle of your friends,
Where gladness with contentment blends,
And to that joy which never ends,
We gladly welcome you.

And while that Gracious One is near,
Who loves each infant voice to hear,
This Sunday School in love sincere
Delights to welcome you.

And may that One, who loves you each,
So place His gifts within your reach,
That you may learn what those would teach,
Who this day welcome you.

To Him who is the children's Friend,
Our wishes and our prayers ascend,
That you this school may long attend
With those who welcome you.

May love divine so pure and sweet
Make you in length of days complete,
And then in glory may you meet,
All those who welcome you.

T. WATSON.

Dalesville, Que., 1904.

The Most Effective Teaching.

The Christian teacher must understand that he teaches more by his life than by his thoughts, his words or his deeds. The question of the true teacher in God's school is not 'What do I know?' nor yet 'What can I do?' but always and emphatically, 'What am I?' To know is good. To do is better. To be is best. 'Be ye, therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect' is the standard set for all teachers by the ideal teacher, Himself.

A Spirit of Reverence.

I plead to-night for a united effort to secure for our Sunday schools an atmosphere pervaded with the spirit of reverence. I plead for a common-sense use, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, of the fundamental principles connecting physical posture and mental attitude, and in order that these common-sense means may have a fair opportunity to effect their purpose, I plead with our adult leaders to co-operate by their example in developing this quality of reverence in our Sunday schools.—Prof. Reyford.

Do You Take a Weekly Paper?

Your local weekly, of course, but you need something besides that, and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' exactly fits your needs. 'An independent, fearless and forceful newspaper.' Latest news of the World, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Questions and Answers, valuable departments devoted to farm, garden and allied interests. Something for every member of the family. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. One dollar a year. May be clubbed with the 'Messenger,' the two to one address for only \$1.20 instead of \$1.40. The 'Canadian Pictorial' may be added to such a club for only 50 cents, making only \$1.70 for the three papers, well worth the regular price of \$2.40.

HOUSEHOLD.

Changes.

(Valentine March, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

Years ago we hung the stockings
By the open fireplace old,
And the treasures found within them
Were as precious, then, as gold.

There were seven little stockings—
Seven hanging in a row;
Then the longest one was Martha's,
And a tiny one for Joe.

I can see them as they hung there;
(I had knit them, every one,
When the winter shadows darkened,
And the day's toil all was done.)

I can see them by the fireplace,
With their shadows on the wall,
As the Christmases long vanished,
Come to-night, at mem'ry's call.

Ah! how swift the years have travelled,
Led by that old trickster—Time,
And I see the Christmas stockings,
Like a sweet old pantomime.

Yet, I do not grieve me sadly,
Grieve not for the years long flown,
For to-night, the dear God willing,
We will welcome back our own.

Yes, to-night they will be with us,
And their wee ones, not a few,
But instead of seven stockings,
We will hang up twenty-two.

Mamma's Christmas Gift.

'Mamma,' said Billy, 'what do you want for Christmas?'

'Dear me,' said Billy's mamma, 'I don't know of a single thing that I want.'

'But you must say you want things,' said Billy. 'You must—it's a sort of game. It doesn't matter whether you really want the things or not.'

'Oh, I didn't understand,' said mamma, entering into the game. 'Well, then, let me see. I should like a diamond pin.'

'And what else?' said Billy. 'You must want more.'

'I want a long sealskin ulster.'

'Say something else—say lots of things.'

'I want a new carriage and a lace collar and some curtains for baby's room.'

'Mamma,' said Billy, coming close to her side and speaking earnestly, 'don't you want a card like that one I painted this morning?'

'Oh, dear yes,' said mamma, quickly, 'I should love to have a beautiful card like those you paint.'

Billy went to the window and looked out at the snow, and the sparrows hopping on the walk that ran down to the street.

After a minute or two, he came to mamma's side again. 'Mamma,' he said very solemnly, 'I won't say which, 'cause I don't want to spoil your surprise; but one of those things you told me you want you're surely to get for Christmas.'

Mamma leaned over and kissed his bright little face, and said, softly: 'I do wonder which it will be.'—St. Nicholas.

Don't Hurt the Little One's Heart.

Several Decembers since a little boy in a Boston kindergarten—a child who was accompanied by his nurse every morning—toiled long and patiently on a Christmas present for his mother. After the holiday had passed the kindergarten asked the children what the recipients had said about the gifts prepared with so much care. It was Robbie's turn to answer. The child's lips trembled as he whispered in shame and sorrow. 'Mamma didn't want my stamp box, she said I might keep it myself.'

A darling eight-year-old girl asked her father for money with which to buy Christmas gifts. She was told that she might have money for materials, but that it was better

for her to make the presents than to buy them outright. 'But, papa,' said the child, 'I don't know what to make myself, and mamma won't help me, she says she can't stop.'

There are memories in many of our own hearts of Christmas saddened and almost lost, because parents failed to see the necessity of troubling to make the blessed day a season of joy. Listen to the words of the Great Teacher: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'—School Journal.

A Wise Plan.

Already preparations are beginning for baby's Christmas. A flood of toys will be thought out and provided for the child that is likely to inundate the nursery and make all semblances of order impossible. These gifts become so numerous that satiated little owners turn from one to another without gaining any thorough enjoyment, or their fancy lands on one to the exclusion of the others. Certain it is that the toys are no longer attractive after the first novelty wears off, and many of them become more or less broken or marred, and the little ones become discontented and long for new pleasures to conquer. Now the wise mother has a little scheme which she does not reveal to the child, and which averts this undesirable Yule-tide reaction. She selects from among the mass of toys a number which are to be laid aside for some future time. The upper shelf of some closet or a large box in the attic serves as a store-house for some of these treasures. There they keep fresh and are a hidden treasure that is sure a little later to provide a delightful revelation. When the playthings in the nursery have become an old story, they, in turn, are relegated to the attic and are replaced in the playroom by the fresh toys, which have been sent down, and which are hailed with delight by the little ones, who have forgotten them.

It is a good plan. It keeps the nursery from being overcrowded with toys, and, best of all, it varies the monotony.—Selected.

Christmas Truths.

'Tis not the gifts so much as 'tis the giving
That makes for Christmas mirth;
'Tis not the dying, rather 'tis the living
Which is the test of worth.

Not by the deed so much as by the doing,
Doth God the Judge decide.
Not in the wealth, but in the slow accruing,
Exists the keeneat pride.

'Tis not the word itself, but how it's spoken,
That soothes or wounds the heart—
For censure still may seem but friendly token,
While praise may leave a smart.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

What is the thought of Christmas? Giving.
What is the heart of Christmas? Love.

Before and After Christmas.

'Aren't you sorry Christmas is over, Elsie?' somebody asked a little girl of quick fancy and quaint speech, her arms full of toys as she stumbled sleepily upstairs on her way to bed. The drooping figure became alert for an instant, the blue eyes flashed widely open, and she answered joyously:

'But it isn't, Auntie May! Just one of the nicest things about Christmas is its being fringed out "o at both ends.'

Only after the excitements of the festive day are over are some of the best joys it brings thoroughly appreciated. It is not until mother reluctantly pierces with a first pin the silken surface of the cushion her youngest has made for her that she can stop to examine the painstaking tiny stitches, to note where an error has been made and patiently rectified, to picture with misting eyes how Nelly, the restless and romping, must have sat soberly bowed over the pretty trifle, faithfully tugging the needle in and out, eyes downcast and fluffy curls falling forward, sturdily resisting the temptation to run away and play.

It is only when father ventures, gingerly at first, to use his new pen-wiper—only after the

inner flaps are irredeemably inky and it sinks from dignity of an ornament to the serviceable familiarity of an implement—that he realizes how exactly Marion has made him what he wanted. And how, until Jack has worn his new tie and Amy her new furs, and both have discovered that others besides themselves consider the effect to be all that it ought to be, can they appreciate to the full the elegance of those new adornments?

Day by day, too, the new picture in the parlor grows into the affection of the family. Mother and the girls, who come to dust, remain, duster in hand, to gaze; its glimpse of wide woodland gradually becomes familiar and dear as their own garden. To lose it would be as if one of the windows was closed in with a blank brick wall.

Every one knows that Christmas comes long before December 25th, every one, that is, who has planned and toiled and looked forward in the true Christmas spirit. Moreover, if this loveliest of all seasons is slow in coming it is still slower in going. It vanishes so reluctantly, so imperceptibly that we scarcely know when it is gone. In the happiest households Christmas is never ended; for there is always enough of its bright and generous charm, its peace, good-will and unselfishness left over from one year to last until the next.—Selected.

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

OUR NEW MESSENGER STORY.

'THE RED, RED WINE.'—A TEMPERANCE STORY BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

It is a source of much satisfaction to us to give our readers this powerfully written temperance story. The author was for years a champion in the cause of total abstinence, denouncing with voice and pen the traffic which is carrying woe into happy homes in this land, and in these days as well as in the England of the days in which the story tells. 'There is not one incident,' says Mr. Wray's son, 'which has not had its counterpart in the lives of those who at one time dwell in the main street of the East Yorkshire village where the author spent his early life.'

If in parts the story is tragical, the fault is with the drink, not the narrator, and there is brightness enough in the lives of the grand hero and the sweet little heroine to comfort us for their trials.

This serial will begin in the New Year's number, and will run for a little over five months, during which time some of your friends and neighbors not now taking the 'Messenger' will like to try it. Four half-year subscriptions, to start with the opening chapter, will be received for sixty cents, if sent in on a form similar to the coupon given below.

.....
Messrs. John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for six months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial, entitled, 'Red, Red Wine.' I enclose fifteen cents.

NAME.....

P. O.

PROV.....DATE.....

N.B.—SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Sunday schools that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it in clubs of ten or over for the six months for only ten cents per scholar. Show this to all Sunday school workers in your vicinity. They know the need and also the power of a thrilling temperance story.

A Cure for the Blues.

A doctor who has made a speciality of nervous diseases has found a new remedy for 'the Blues.' As no drugs are administered, he has felt safe in experimenting with at least half a hundred melancholy patients, and now declares himself thoroughly satisfied with the good results of his treatment. His prescription reads something like this: 'If you keep the corners of your mouth turned up you can't feel blue;' and the directions for talking are: 'Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling.'

It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Well, just try turning up the corners of your mouth regardless of your mood, and see how it makes you feel; then draw the corners of your mouth down, and note the effect, and you will be willing to declare 'there's something in it.'

The doctor treats his nervous patients to medicine when necessary, but when the case is one of pure melancholy without bodily ill, he simply recommends the smile cure. He has the patient remain in his office, and smile—if it isn't the genuine article it must at least be an upward curvation of the corners of the mouth—and the better feelings follow inevitably. The treatment is followed up regularly, and the patients all testify to their good effect. It takes considerable persuasion to induce some of them to apply the cure, and of course, the greater number of patients are women; for when a man is blue, he is bound to be blue, in spite of everything, but a woman is more easily persuaded to try to find a cure.

His discovery grew out of an experience in his own home. His wife was of a nervous and rather morbid temperament, and when in a despondent mood he would ask her to 'Smile a little,' until the saying came to be a household joke. But it brought about good results, and then came the inspiration to try the same cure upon others.—Chicago 'Times.'

For the Busy Mother.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the above model on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.



INFANTS' OUTFIT.—NO. 1038.

This set contains the essential garments for baby's outfit of dress, petticoat, pinning-blanket, nightgown and sacque. The dress can be of fine quality nainsook with a yoke of lace, embroidery or tucking, and finished with fine edging, the skirt gathered at the yoke and finished at the bottom with insertion and edging. The petticoat would develop nicely in long cloth, or lawn with tucks and a ruffle of edging, gathers adjusting it to a band closed with button and button holes. The flannel pinning blanket or barmcoat has a muslin band held in place by safety pins, and featherstitched at the edges. The nightgown is gathered at the neck and a narrow frill finishes the neck and the sleeve at the hands. A dainty little sacque completes the outfit of

French flannel or cashmere. The sacque is plain back and front, with a round lay-over collar and sleeve finished with a ruffe; the edges can be scalloped or hemmed with a featherstitch finish, or bound with ribbon and tied at the neck and hands with baby ribbon. For dresses it requires 2 5-8 yards of material, 36 inches wide, with 2 yards of edging, and 2 3/4 yards of insertion. For slip, 2 1/4 yards, 36 inches wide; pinning blanket, 1 7-8 yards of flannel, 27 inches wide, with 3-8 yard of cambric, for band. For skirt, 2 1/4 yards, with 1 1/2 of edging. For sacque, 7-8 yard of material, 27 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards of ribbon.



MISS' SHORT WAIST.—NO. 1020.

This simple tucked shirt waist is a good model for the girl's plain school suit. It has two clusters of tucks at each side of the box-plait, which gives a pretty blouse effect. The sleeve can be made in long or elbow length, and the collar and cuffs are of embroidery. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years. For 15 years it requires 3 3-8 yards of material, 27 inches wide.



BOYS' PLAIN BLOUSE WAIST.—NO. 1054.

This blouse is very simple and plain, the pattern provides for turn-over collar to finish the neck, and a wide plait is made at the front stitched on both sides, with button-holes and buttons for the closing. A pocket is made at the left side if desired, and the lower edge is finished with a draw-string or elastic in a casing by which the blouse effect is made. The sleeves, which are in sailor style are plaited at the hands and stitched a short distance

to form a cuff. Percale, cambric, madras, and all washable materials as well as French flannel, and serge, or mohair, are serviceable. This pattern is cut in five sizes, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. For eight years it requires 2 3-8 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1 5-8 yards 36 inches wide.



CHILD'S YOKE DRESS.—NO. 1029.

This pretty little dress can be made with high, Dutch, round or square neck, and bishop sleeve having cuffs or frills. The mother who makes her small child's dresses at home and wishes them to be simple will find an easily made little frock in this design. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from 1 to six years. It requires 4 7-8 yards of material 27 inches wide, with 5-8 yard of all-over insertion 18 inches wide for collar and cuffs, for the five year size.

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—George Macdonald.

A mushroom forcemeat gives a very rich flavor to braised turkey, and, by the way, braising is a method of cooking greatly to be recommended for birds of doubtful age. They can always be made tender by this method of stewing before roasting, and the flesh of a lean bird will never be dry and flavorless. But whether braised or roasted, an old bird is greatly improved by larding the breast, especially if that portion of the fowl is intended for eating cold. Place the strips of fat (preferably bacon or freshened salt pork cut very thin) in the larding needle, lift the skin with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and draw the needle through the skin only, not the flesh. If one has not a patent roasting pan it is better to cook a fowl breast down, turning it over only for the final browning.

If a fowl is to be roasted for the noon meal, it will practically cook itself if put in a crock having a tight fitting lid, and the dish set in the oven or on the furnace shelf immediately after breakfast. To hold the meat up from the gravy, insert small dishes under it. Potatoes can be laid on top of the fowl and raised biscuit dough can be cooked at the same time, provided there is room in the dish around the fowl.

If turkey is to be carved on the table it should be appropriately garnished. Tiny red apples may top the drumsticks, and the bird rest on a bed of cress or parsley in which sprigs of barberry or tiny cubes of bright red jelly are placed. If the carving be done before the dish is sent to the table more elaborate garnishes may be used, and mushroom or oyster croquettes, baked onions stuffed with bread-crumbs and walnuts, or stuffed peppers are suggested as attractive and appetizing. Halves of sweet pickled peaches with an almond kernel are very toothsome, though not so bright as the others.—Pilgrim.

RAISIN BISCUIT.—Into one quart of flour stir one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder then rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add one cupful of seeded or sultana raisins, and lightly mix to a soft dough with sweet milk. Turn out on a floured board, knead for a moment and roll out two-thirds of an inch thick. Cut into round or square biscuit, place slightly apart on greased pans, brush the tops with milk and bake in a hot oven.

Cut into half-inch pieces sufficient celery to measure one pint; the coarser pieces, which

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will hardly do for service in the stalk or as a salad, may be used. Pick over one solid pint of small oysters, rinse in cold water and drain well. Put the celery in a small saucepan, add just sufficient boiling water to cover and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, and boil rapidly until tender—about twelve minutes. In a second saucepan melt together one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, drain off, measure and add the water in which the celery was cooked; if there is not one cupful make up the deficiency with milk. Stir until smooth and thick, add seasoning to taste, the celery and the drained oysters. Simmer until the oysters are plumped and gills ruffled, add three tablespoonfuls of hot cream, take at once from the fire. Pour over thin slices of buttered toast which have been spread on a hot platter and garnish with blanched celery tips.

Do not say to those who have served you: 'I have paid you; we are quits.' Such speeches are all marks of bad relations between people. Just as a polite man says 'thank you,' even when he receives a doubly merited salary, a sensible, just man thanks the laborer, and is grateful to him as he pays him.—From Pastor Charles Wagner's 'On Life's Threshold.'

The Rev. John Christiansen, of Maracaibo, Venezuela, formerly a missionary of the Chicago Tract Society, recently joined the Scandinavian Alliance Mission Station at Venezuela. He reports as follows: 'We have found the people in utter darkness. Poverty, sin and shame are evident on every hand. There are church edifices, but no churches built of living stones; there are doctrines, but the Word of God is never heard or seen; and there are prayers, but not to God or to the Lord Jesus. There is great need of missionary work here. This is the only mission station within a radius of hundreds of miles. There are only four mission stations in all Venezuela besides this one, and the whole western and southern part of the country is left to us.'

Orthodox Judaism in the borough of Manhattan can now boast an actual following equal to that of Protestantism, according to the Philadelphia 'Ledger.' This astonishing fact seems to have been taken into account by few persons. Within ten minutes of the city hall, beyond the Bowery and below Houston street, lies a district of more than a mile square, where this curious hybrid tongue, known as Yiddish, forms the common speech of two out of every three persons one meets. On all sides the chance pedestrian will be mystified by unfamiliar characters on the signs of the shops, the posters of the theatres and the newspapers sold on the sidewalks by bright-eyed, sharp-faced urchins. In this district now dwell upward of 500,000 Jews, most of whom have immigrated to this country since 1881. Almost invariably these people cling faithfully to the traditions and religion of their race. This district has no less than 200 organized congregations which worship in their own synagogues and are entirely self-supporting. In addition to these there are a number of floating bands (Hebrahs and Hadarim), without definite status, recruited from the poorest classes, and renting a small hall from week to week, and the People's Synagogue, maintained by the Educational Alliance in Seward Park. What a field for the missionary!

An American missionary was travelling in the hill country, when he came to a Buddhist temple, in which dwelt an old priest noted for his piety. The missionary went to the temple, and found him in a small room, where he had shut himself up for sixteen years, seeking by solitude and penance to accumulate merit. He had employed himself all this time in translating Buddhist charts, of which he had written fourteen volumes, and every word of this he had written with his own blood, which he had obtained by pricking his hands all over. Here was a man shedding his blood for that which would do him no good.

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and yet Christians will withhold themselves from serving the Christ in the foreign field, because they shrink from danger.

Mr. John Makino, superintendent of the Christian Endeavor Seamen's Home, Nagasaki, Japan, is hated almost as much by the saloon-keepers of that port as Elijah was by Jezebel, and John by Herodias. He boards the transports and men-of-war, and persuades the men to come to the Home and drink soda-water, instead of wasting their money in the saloons and houses of ill fame. He tells the drunkard of the power of Jesus to save them from the appetite for drink, and in many ways cuts down the profits of the grog-shops.

The Mission for Lepers is working in 78 stations in India, China and Japan, and Sumatra, in connection with which there are 7,000 lepers and children. In these stations are 72 asylums and homes maintained by the mission, which contain about 3,000 lepers and children who are entirely dependent upon the mission for food and shelter. Of that number about 500 are untainted children of lepers. One may gather the ready response which these people give to the gospel when it is understood that there are 3,000 Christian lepers in connection with the work.

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